



FIRST MAGAZINE OF ILLUSTRATED HORROR

CREEPY
#33
JUNE

CREEPY

A WARREN
MAGAZINE

FDC

"...CRAWLING, EVIL, SCREAMING CREATURES
SLITHERED FROM THE GOLD MASK." See Page 12

50¢



CREEPY'S LOATHSOME LORE!

BUNG! BUNG! HERE'S A WATERLOGGED OFFERING FROM MY NAULOUS NAUTICAL NOTES CONCERNING MERMAID AND...

MERMAIDS

FROM ISRIEST TIMES THE MERMAID HAS BEEN COOKING UP IN MANY'S SUPERNATURAL LORE.

HENRY HARISON, DURING HIS EXPLORATION FOR THE NORTHWEST PASSAGE, ADDED THE FOLLOWING TO OUR EVER EXPANDING LOG OF SIREN SIGHTINGS:

"THE EVENING ONE OF OUR COMPANY SAW A MERMAID FROM THE NAME LIPWARD. SHE RESEMBLED A WOMAN... VERY WHITE SKIN... LONG HAIR HANGING DOWN BEHIND OF COLOR BLACK. IN HER HAIR DOWN THEY SAW HER TAIL, WHICH WAS LIKE THE TAIL OF A HORSE, SPICKELED LIKE A MACKEREL."

AN ITEM IN THE LONDON TIMES OF 1809 RECORDS FURTHER REVELS OF THESE ROLLICKING RECLUSES RECORDED BY A SCOTT SCHOOLMASTER:

"IN THE COURSE OF MY WALKING ON THE SHORE OF ANGLESIDE BAY... MY ATTENTION WAS ABSORBED BY THE APPEARANCE OF A FIGURE RESEMBLING AN UNGLOOED HUMAN FEMALE, SITTING UPON A ROCK... IT WAS EXERCISED DURING THAT PERIOD IN COMING ITS HAIR... THEN IT DROPPED INTO THE SEA."





CREEPY

NO. 33

PUBLISHER: JAMES WARREN **EDITOR:** BILL PARENTE **COVER:** PAT BOYETTE
ARTISTS THIS ISSUE: WILLIAM BARRY, PAT BOYETTE, REED CRANDALL, JUAN LOPEZ,
 RAMON, JOHN FANTUCCHIO, TOM SUTTON, TONY WILLIAMSUNE **WRITERS THIS ISSUE:**
 AL HEWETSON, R. MICHAEL ROSEN, BUDDY SAUNDERS, TOM SUTTON, BILL WARREN

CONTENTS



Page 14



Page 22



Page 28

DEAR UNCLE CREEPY

Like the cover on issue #31? So did some of these fans.

4

ONE TOO MANY

Eeny, meeny, miny, moe . . . who will be the first to go?

6

ROYAL GUEST

Let's do our thing at a swinging King-in'

12



Page 36

BLUE MUM-DAY

Did you ever get "stoned" in a timeless tomb, tampering with eternity?

19

DR. JEKYLL IS RIGHT

Profit or prankster—Was the disreputable doctor as dangerous his double?

25

I'M ONLY IN IT FOR THE MONEY

Hotter dollars don't always make "cents", especially if they turn you green!

33



Page 47

THE FULL SERVICE

Was Wesley Brookfield a reckless driver?? Ask his wife

43

CREEPY PAN CLUB

A hillbilly disc jockey goes straight.

50

BOXED IN

Allow us to freeze your knee and queer a wheeze from you . . . Neat!

53



Page 57

MATT

ee\$27.00 worth of CREEPYS and EERIES!
Too many science-fiction stories! 99



NUTTY PICTURES?

I liked issue #31 a lot, but I don't like the artists much. Too many of them make very nutty pictures. But I like all your magazines anyway.

LARRY QUINN
Arlington, Va.

SOMETHING YOU ATE

I buy all my magazines in a cafe. When I got issue #31, I sat down at a table with a couple of cheesecakes. When I saw your picture of a chicken climbing out of a robot, it almost made me sick.

JOHN SIMMONS
Cincinnati, Ohio

Good thing you weren't eating fried chicken! Or roasted robots.

EAGLE EYE

You may already have tried your photoreader (if you ever had one at all), but in case you didn't, I think you should take another look at issue #31. The whole mess starts on page 7, fourth frame, where "burgh" is spelled "burrough." Then if you'll get out your dictionary, you'll discover that you made another booboo on page 8—it's "assassin," not "assain." And shouldn't the story title on page 19 be "A Night's Lodging"? The other blunders were not so bad. I think even Uncle Casper could have caught them herself. Page 29—"was," page 44—"beautiful," page 54—"hom monk," page 57—"wouldn't" and "noy," page 58—"can any" and "against." And, to end it all, "immering" on page 80.

But don't worry, the even with mistakes, your stories are still great and always have been. Maybe if you're lucky, Noah Webster will drop in to give you a few spelling lessons. We all know that nobody's perfect.

ERIC SCHILLING
Oakland, N.J.

Strange you should mention that name Noah. That's our preachers' name, too—Noah Moredy. Our Noah was once umpire in the Transylvanian baseball league. He retired after 150 years of faithful service and now works with us. You'll have to forgive his occasional mistakes. He still has difficulty with the English language. And his eyesight isn't what it used to be. Though in the tradition of all great baseball umpires, he steadfastly refuses to wear glasses. But we've sent mail about old Noah. He does his best.

GOOD CUSTOMER

I am a horror magazine collector and I have never seen any that can compare to these three great Warren magazines. I send all your letter pages and it makes me mad to see how readers put you down saying your art stinks. I'd like to see them do better! They couldn't if their life depended on it.

The other magazines on the market consist of stories re-written from last year. And last year's stories were re-writes of stories that appeared in the 1980's and 1990's.

When my mother and my wife were kids, they collected horror magazines, too. My father just bought me \$27.00 worth of CREEPYS and EERIES and my mother took time to read all of them. She enjoyed them as much as I do.

I just bought the latest issues of EERIE and VAMPIRELLA, and a few weeks ago I got issue #31 of CREEPY. I thought all of them were just great! I thought your cover for #31 was especially good. Todd and Diane are great artists. I also like their cover for VAMPIRELLA #3.

It would be great if you could have your stories acted out on television.

RD65 FRANKEL
Scarsdale, N.Y.

A WHIM

I think your magazine is pretty good. Issue #31 was the best of all, I think. I have been collecting CREEPY since issue #5. The art has been improving lately. I think you should give all your artists a raise.

DANNY JENKS
West Rose, Miss.

A MASTERPIECE

I must say, old man, the story "Snowmen" in issue #31

was a masterpiece. Although the cover wasn't so hot, I especially liked all the stories inside. Tell me, Uncle, why don't you have more stories about werewolves in your mag again? No offense, but you've been having too many science fiction stories lately. I myself, hate science fiction. I suggest you put in more melodrama. And more blood. You were getting out of that report, but, then you slipped back last time. How come?

SAM RICCARDO
West Chester, Pa.

We've established a no-reprint rule around here. So has my miserable little cousin. But every once in a while, a story arrives too late to make our printing deadline, and we're faced with three choices: Either delay the magazine (which you wouldn't like much), run it with blank pages (which wouldn't add much to your fan either), or reheat another story. We hope it never happens, and it won't very often. But when you do see a reprint, don't get the idea we don't care.

VERY BEST FAN

Though I've only been a fan of yours since issue #20, I consider myself one of your very best fans. Some people write to say that they like CREEPY better than EERIE or EERIE better than CREEPY. How can anyone say one is better than the other when both magazines are written by the same writers, drawn by the same editor, published by the same publisher and both have the same kind of stories?

CHUCK HECK
Fortuna, Calif.

It's a long story. Call it loyalty. CREEPY came out a year ahead of EERIE, and all those artists, writers, and other people are more loyal to "the first one."

FROM THE ARCHIVES

I wish to inform you that you have a misprint on the cover of your screaming mag. The cover bears the wonderful message, "All New Stories."

Yet somewhere in the back of my mind—way back among the cobwebs of horrors—I seem to recall the tale, "A Night's Lodging." So I summon my faithful Igor and we advance down into the crypts to the dead files. There, when the dust settles, I gaze down upon issue #17, the first

CREEPY I ever saw. Then, on page 43 of that god-awful '67 issue, I find "A Night's Lodging?" Was this an editorial mistake? But, nonetheless, the rest of this issue came through for you. Issue #31 was overloaded with humor and terror as any magazine can ever hope to be.

BILL MOONEY
Camdenlawn, Md.

ANOTHER LONG MEMORY

If you have to run errands, why "A Night's Lodging?" Didn't your first think of you enough for that when it ran in issue #17? Even then it was modelled after "An Invitation" in issue #12.

Surrounded by one thing, in one of the Dracula movies, he was killed by running water, or at least I used to read. But in "Dracula 2000," he committed the unspeakable crime of drinking water, in "Dracula Has Risen From the Grave," he was frozen in it, then thawed out. I must admit Maurice is a good artist, but somehow the spelling is amiss. "Snowmen" was one of Tom Sutton's best ever. I think leaving the end of "Telephoto Troll" to the reader's imagination did nothing more than stagger the reader's imagination. One more thing: if you're keeping count of the stories in the old vault, we haven't heard from "Adam Link" in a long while. I hope he hasn't ruined

BOS KNOEDER
Jesuit, Ill.

Killing vampires is a little out of my line. Some of my best friends are vampires. But there is one certain little girl vampire I'd like to put out of her misery. If you hear any more about this water theory, let me know.

W.O.M.C.C.

I call you my uncle because I, too, am a creepy person. I mainly feed on horror and your magazine is the best thing to come along in years for a person like me. I have seen other horror magazines, but none of them holds a candle to yours. Keep up the good work and we might even let you become a member of the W.O.M.C.C. (Western Organization of Misadjusted Creepy Characters.)

RICHIE PERLOFF
Culver City, Calif.

BURNING THOUGHTS

For the benefit of Agatha

Hulk and Hazel Grunt who are so curious about witches. I refer them to the letter that appeared in issue #31 just above theirs from Mrs. Bracy and to "The Encyclopedia of Witchcraft and Demonology." The book says that a bunch of witches is called a "coven." Some day I'm going to explore the Transylvanian Alps of Rumania. I read in a book by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle that a part of the Midwestern United States was once known as Transylvania.

To change the subject, I think the two most frightening movies of all time were "The House on Haunted Hill" and "Terror in the Tomb." I'd like to know if your readers agree with me. I think the most exciting movie of all time was "Death Takes a Holiday."

Good bye. Give my regards to Cousin Ernie and the Ackermonster and the beautiful Vampi. Are you and Vampi blood relatives? I hope you'll excuse my wandering, but this letter is being written as I'm being burned at the stake.

MICHAEL O'BRIEN
North Haven, Conn.

COLDN. ADAMS & CO.

I liked the cover on issue #31. Very colorful! I also like the bigger letters page and the possibility of subscribing for two years instead of just one (and it's saving at that!).

This is my third letter. Each time I have begged you to bring back Neal Adams. So as not to run my record once again, I beseech you: Bring back N.A.

In issue #31, the only story that seemed to rise above your usual low quality was "Death of a Stranger." Ernie Colón's work was better than usual. And that makes it pretty darn good! I like his imaginative arrangement of the story panels. Such background as the test panel on page 45 and the second on page 48 make his art wonderfully realistic. Which, when talking about horror magazines is a bit of high flattery.

Lastly, E. Colón's rendering of our beloved Uncle is the best I've ever seen. Many of your artists make an attempt at U.C.'s portrait, but Colón easily captures him. Especially on page 43.

It usually seems that you regard the last item in my letter the most important. So I'll end my letter with this: Bring back Neal Adams!

I hardly ever drink blood. I repeatedly rise on the wrong side of my coffin. I'm totally useless over Adam's absence. Bring back Adam! ALDOCH-H-H

JOE RANSBACH
Media, Pa.

VOICE OF THE PEOPLE
CREEPY is becoming an in-

creasing disappointment. Although your stories are still good, your art runs into the ground. Since issue #17, the names of the great artists like Gary Monroe, Angelo Torres, Frank Frazetta and Reed Crandall have been replaced by comparative amateurs.

In issue #20, you had a request from a reader to bring back the old artists and you said you would. But you haven't. If you guys are trying to start a new style with CREEPY, forget it! Only the old version will the great artists can survive. Keep on the way you're going now and... well, you know the old saying: "Give him enough rope and he'll hang himself."

Please. You seem to keep ignoring readers' requests for the old artists. What's wrong?

Don't you say any attention to your fans at all? Take a look at the list of artists in issue #7 and start bringing some of those people back again. Then you'll get real fan support.

Let's see the voice of the people in action!

You, yes, do have some good artists. Not great, but good. They are Carlos Pacheco, Ernie Colón (probably your best), and Billy Graham. Keep these and get back the good old ones and I'd gladly pay a buck for your magazine.

AARDH ALBRECHT
Hyattsville, Md.

GREAT CRACKLING CUTLICLES

Now that you've expanded your letters page to two, I thought it was time I told you what I thought about your rag rag mag. That cover on issue #31 was terrific. Bode's got a real talent for interior work. Get him. His work is "car theory," but great. As far as effect and presentation of the cover goes, it ranks up there with the best of the CREEPY covers. But I do wish there had been a good story to go with it.

Please. Please, come back! We still love you. And Uncle Creepy! May your crackling crimson colored cuticles curl coilingly over your crevously softin.

MIKE MYRD
Cocoa, Fla.



"In my opinion..."

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your mail to:
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PROLOGUE:

THE STARSHIP'S CARGO HOLD REEKED OF A DOZEN DISTINCT ODOORS... MACHINE OIL, OZONE, PAINT, DECAY, ANIMAL WASTES... AND SOON THERE WOULD BE YET ANOTHER, ODOR... THE ODOR OF DEATH!



GLYDE METZEL BALANCED FROM CAGE TO CAGE! SOME OF THE ANIMALS WERE HIDEOUS, OTHERS BEAUTIFUL BEYOND IMAGINATION, ALL ALIEN!



AGAIN AND AGAIN, THE ENERGY PISTOL SPAT RADIANT PENCILS OF DEATH...



THEN, AN UNEXPECTED EVENT...



WITH A WHISTLING SCREAM, THE KRON SPRANG AT GLYDE METZEL'S FACE...



THE KRON SPRANG FROM METZEL'S FACE, UP THROUGH THE OPEN HATCH...





READY FOR A LITTLE
HORRIBLE SCIENCE FICTION?
LOOKING FORWARD TO A
GRUESOME GAMBIT? WELL,
HERE IT IS FEAR FLOCK!
JUST STICK AROUND AND
YOU'LL DISCOVER WHY ONE
KRON IS ...



ONE TOO MANY!

A PASSING GOVERNMENT PATROL SHIP PICKED UP CLYDE METZEL'S WEAK DISTRESS SIGNALS | INFECTED BY THE KRON'S ATTACK, METZEL SPENT A YEAR RECOVERING IN AN EARTH-SIDE HOSPITAL; THEN, WITH TWO PARTNERS, CLYDE RETURNED TO THE SCENE OF THE CRASH HOPPING TO SALVAGE WHAT HE COULD FROM THE BROKEN HULK OF THE ZOO SHIP.

THERE SHE IS,
POLKA ... ONE.
BROKEN DREAM! EVERY
HENRY I HAD WENT INTO
THE SHIP AND THOSE
ANIMALS BACK ON
EARTH I'D HAVE MADE
A MINT SELLING
THEM TO ZOOS!

STILL
WITH THAT
RUPTURED
DRIVE TUBE,
YOU WERE
LUCKY TO
REACH THIS
PLANET AND GET
OUT WITH YOUR
LIFE!



BUT THE
POOR ANIMALS.
AND YOU HAD
TO KILL THEM
ALL!

ALL!
EVERY SINGLE
ONE! I COULDN'T
LEAVE THEM TO
STARVE!

BUT YOU COULD'VE
SET THEM FREE...
LET THEM FEND FOR
THEMSELVES! THEY
WOULDN'T HAVE
BOthered ANYONE!

COME NOW, DARLING.
DON'T MAKE CLYDE
INTO THE VILLAIN.
HE HEN'T CLYDE DID
WHAT HE HAD TO DO!



THREE DAYS PASSED! THE COMPUTER BRAIN WAS REMOVED FROM ITS HOUSING LABORIOUSLY CARRIED TO THE SALVAGE SHIP ALONG WITH OTHER VALUABLE EQUIPMENT.









THE KRON WERE HERMAPHRODITES... SOMETHING CLYDE HADN'T KNOWN! AND NOW IT WAS COSTING HIM HIS LIFE! THE SNAILIE KRON HAD A YEAR TO GENERATE OFFSPRING... AND THE OFFSPRING... HAD GENERATED THESE OWN CHILDREN! NOW THERE WERE THOUSANDS... SWARMING LIKE ARMY ANTS... CONSUMING EVERYTHING IN THEIR PATH...



"MY MEMORY HAS NOT FAILED ME... THE PAINFUL CHILL OF MICHAELMAS DAY IN THE BARONY OF KOENIGSTAHL IS NOT A TORMENT OF THE SEASON BUT, RATHER, THE FROZEN HEART OF THIS FORSAKEN LAND EXTENDING ITS DISPLEASURE TO ALL WHO WOULD TREAD UPON ITS BLOODY SOIL... A CONDITION OF DREAD THAT I NOW SUFFER WITH TOTAL RECALL... !!"



"BELOW THE TOWERING RUINS OF THE CASTLE KOENIGSTAHL STILL NESTLES THE HOME OF MY GRANDFATHER - BURGOMASTER HUGO HAAS! IT WAS HERE THAT I SPENT MY DREARY YOUTH...."



"BUT, IT WAS ALSO UNDER THIS ROOF THAT MY LIFE WAS SO SUDDENLY GIVEN PURPOSE AND DIRECTION! IT ALL BEGAN SO LONG AGO... SO LONG AGO...."

"BUT, GRANDFATHER -
THE SUN HAS JUST NOW
SET... IT'S TOO EARLY..."

"YOU WILL GO TO YOUR
ROOM AND SECURE THE
DOOR AND SHUTTERS!"

"THE EVENTS OF THIS NIGHT
ARE NO CONCERN OF YOURS,
AND IT WILL SERVE YOUR
WELL-BEING TO HAVE NO
KNOWLEDGE OF WHAT IS TO
TRANSPARE!"



"AH-HA... I KNEW IT... THERE'S SKULLDUGGERY AFOOT -
AND THIS MUST BE A SPINE-STABBER WITH CLASS FOR
WE'RE ABOUT TO RECEIVE A...."

Royal Guest



"THEN THEY WERE GONE AS QUICKLY AS THEY HAD COME... NO, ONE STILL REMAINED! BELOW THE HEM OF A BLACK CAPE I COULD SEE THE SHOES OF A WOMAN!"



"I MOVED FROM MY HIDING PLACE SO THAT I MIGHT SEE HER FACE! THEN THE HALF LIGHT OF THE ROOM REVEALED A SIGHT OF UNFORGETTABLE HORROR! FOR THE FIRST TIME I WAS STARING INTO THE..."

"A SCREAM FROZE IN MY THROAT AND I THUS ESCAPED DETECTION! MY GRANDFATHER LED THE HIDEOUS PERSON FROM THE HOUSE, AND"





'AS FOR OUR GUEST - SHE WENT UNMENTIONED UNTIL THE NIGHT, SOME WEEKS LATER, WHEN MY GRANDFATHER FELL DESPERATELY ILL.'



I THOUGHT I WAS PREPARED FOR THE ORDEAL... BUT MY LEGS TURNED TO JELLY, I DROPPED THE BOWL AND RE-TREATED IN TERROR!!



"THIS WAS A DESPERATION SIGHT, BUT, PERHAPS THE PEOPLE COULD BE GIVEN SOME HOPE BY MY ACTION. WITH PRESSING URGENCY I BURST IN ON THE STARTLED LOTHAR."

LOTHAR...THE WOMAN IN THE MASK...IS SHE STILL HERE?

JAI! I HAVE NEVER SEEN HER...BUT EVERY DAY I TAKE THE FOOD, AND EVERY DAY SHE EATS IT ALL...

"I FLEW TO THE RUINS - SWUNG OPEN THE DOOR TO REVEAL..."

"AND BENEATH THE BONY FINGERS-A LAST MESSAGE..."

...A CORPSE!

"MY MIND EXPLODED...AND MY THROAT SPURRED HYSTERICAL LAUGHTER AS MY SIGHT FELL ON THE FOOD BOWL...FOR YEARS LOTHAR HAD BEEN FEEDING RATS...FOR SURELY THE QUEEN HAD DIED SHORTLY AFTER MY GRANDFATHER."

"THEN IN THE SILENCE OF THIS DECAYING TOMB...MY DISTANT DREAMS RETURNED...AND THE FACELESS HORSEMAN HAD AN IDENTITY...HIS FACE WAS MY FACE!"

GOOD LORD,...
I CAUGHT THE
DISEASE FROM
THE QUEEN. I
AM THE CARRIER
OF THE PLAGUE!

THOUSANDS
HAVE DIED
BECAUSE
OF ME!

BUT MY CURSE
IS THAT I DID
NOT DIE FROM
THE PLAGUE...
NOW, I MUST...
ON THE SPINES
BELOW THIS
TOWER, ONLY
THEN CAN I
TAKE MY RIGHT
FUL PLACE AT
THE HEAD OF
THE DEATH
LESSONS THAT
STALK OUR
LAND..."

"...AND I SHALL
LOOK MAGNIFICENT
ON MY PALE HORSE!"

"Y'KNOW-THAT'S THE FIRST CARRIER
I EVER MET-EXCEPT FOR THAT FAT
LITTLE FELLOW WITH HIS OWN MAIS...
AND HE'LL GIVE YOU A BAD CASE OF ACNE!"

AT LAST! OWN THIS RARE SET OF PRINCE VALIANT ADVENTURE PICTURE BOOKS!

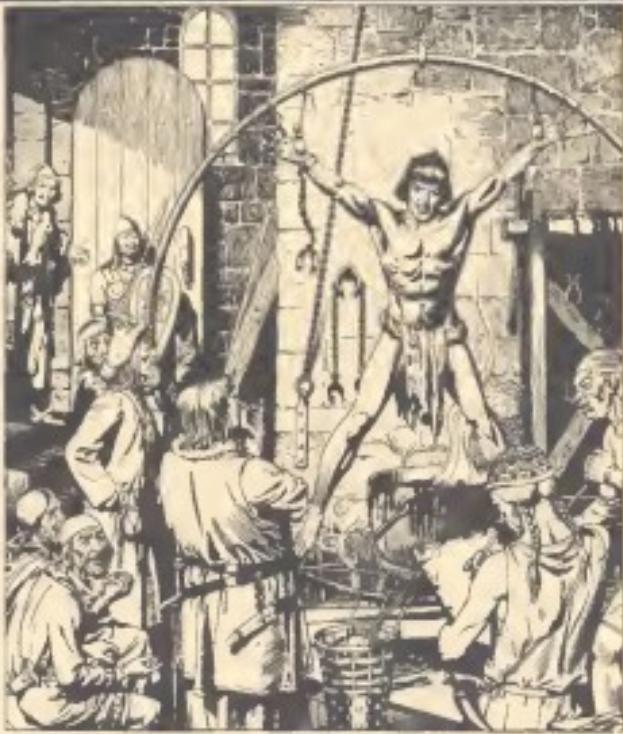
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BLUE MUM DAY

AREM-BEY, THIS IS JUST PUNISHMENT! YOU SHALL BE BURNED ALIVE, WITHOUT POSSESSIONS TO USE IN THE NEXT WORLD, AND WITH THE BENEDICTION OF BLESSING REMOVED FROM YOUR COFFIN! THUS, YOU SHALL BE CURSED IN THE NEXT WORLD AS YOU ARE IN THIS!

NO! HAVE MERCY!
I CANNOT LIVE THROUGH
ETERNITY WITH SUCH SINS
UPON MY SOUL!

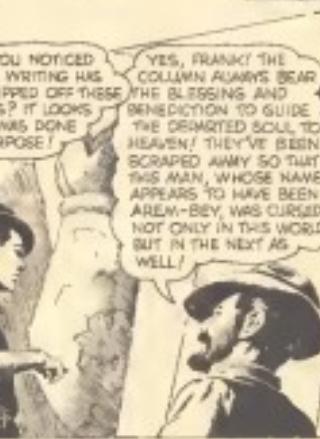
LET THE HIGH PRIEST
BRING FORTH THE ACCURSED
BLUE STONE FROM THE HEAVENS,
TO BE BURIED WITH AREM-BEY!

LET THE EVIL BLUE GLOW OF THIS
SPIRIT STONE FROM THE SKY WARN
TRIPSERS AWAY FROM THIS CURSED
TOMB FOREVER! LET THE TOMB SEAL
SO READ!

WELL, 3700 YEARS PASSED, BUT THAT AIN'T FOREVER, LIKE THE PHAROAH WANTED IT? NOT THAT HE CARED: HE WAS EATEN BY A LION TWO DAYS AFTER SEALING ARIAM-BEY'S TOMB! SO LET'S LOOK IN ON OLD AREM'S PAD AS IT IS TODAY...

A FRUITLESS EXPEDITION! THREE MONTHS IN THE DESERT, AND WHAT FOOLS WE LOOK, RETURNING EMPTY-HANDED! THE MUSEUM WILL NOT BE PLEASED ABOUT THE MONEY WE'VE WASTED!

WHEN I CAME TO EGYPT 20 YEARS AGO, THERE WERE STILL IMPORTANT DISCOVERIES TO BE MADE! NOW OTHER ARCHAEOLOGISTS, AND TOMB-ROBBERS HAVE PICKED THE DESERT CLEAN!



CAN YOU TRANSLATE THE HIEROGLYPHICS ON THE SEAL, PROFESSOR?

THEY'RE OLDER THAN ANY I'VE EXAMINED BEFORE, BUT I BELIEVE I CAN. LET'S SEE... TOMBENT, AND... DAMNATION TO HE WHO UNCOVERS AREM SEY, AND THE BLUE SPIRIT STONE FROM THE SKY!

WHAT A TERRIBLE CURSE! NO ATTENTION TO SUCH NONSENSE!

I AGREE, ROLF! LET US OPEN IT WITHOUT FURTHER DELAY!



WHO KNOWS? THE EGYPTIANS WERE A SUPERSTITIOUS LOT! PERHAPS THE ANSWER IS INSIDE! STAND BACK, EVERYBODY!

YOU MUST HAVE TRIPPED A HIDDEN SPRING WITH YOUR PICK, ROLF! I'M GLAD WE DIDN'T DESTROY THE POOL!

THIS FLASHLIGHT SHOULD HELP considerably

READY?

READY! I'VE WAITED YEARS FOR A MOMENT LIKE THIS!



THIS MUST BE WHAT THEY MEANT BY THE "BLUE SPIRIT STONE FROM THE SKY!"

UNDoubtedly SO! FROM THE LIGHT! NOTICE, PETERSEN HOW THE BLISSING IS SCRAPED OFF THE MUMMY CASE AS WELL!



ODD... THE CASE NEVER SAW A... NOTICE THE MOLD? I WASN'T EVEN SCALED A MUMMY LIKE THIS BLUE... THE SAME THAT BEFORE! ZEBULIE AS THE GLOWING ALMOST NO BONE STONE / ALL OVER IT STRUCTURE! AS IF LEVIN ON THE BAND-IT WAS A WAX FIGURE? AGES!

IT'S GHASTLY!

I WONDER HOW WELL, IT'S LATE... THE STONE CAUSES WE'D BETTER PITCH OUR BLUE TINGE! WELL, LET'S NOW AND EXAMINE NEED SPECIAL EQUIP- THIS FIND MORE CLOSELY MENT WHEN WE COME IN THE MORNING! RACK HERB WITH THE RETURN EXPEDITION!



I CAN'T SLEEP... I CAN'T GET I'M TOO EXCITED! THAT MUMMY WILL BE FAMOUS OUT OF MY MIND! FOR THIS DISCOVERY! THAT BLUE...



THAT SOUNDRO PRANK, BE LIKE PETERSEN! CAREFUL!



HE IS DEAD! APPEARS TO THE MUMMY BE STRANGULATION! AND IT'S ALIVE! IT LOOK... THAT SAME BLUSH MUST BE HOW HOLD ON HIS THROAT IT ELSE.... I WONDER HOW...

NONSENSE! I REFUSE TO BELIEVE IN FOOLISHNESS LIKE A LIVING MUMMY! THE HEART AND LUNGS WOULD DISINTEGRATE IN 3000 YEARS



WELL, I THINK IT'S FOOLISH TO LOSE SLEEP GUARDING AN ANCIENT MUMMY! BUT IF YOU INSIST, I HAVE AN IDEA THAT MIGHT PROVE A LOT EASIER! I'LL SHOW YOU...



THERE YOU SEE? NO! I DON'T KNOW...
ONE CAN GET INTO! I THINK WE SHOULD
THE TENT WITHOUT... GET OUT OF HERE!
TRIPPING ONE OF THESE! RIGHT NOW!
STRINGS AND SETTING
OFF THE GUN! THAT
SHOULD PUT YOU AT
YOUR EASE! GOOD
NIGHT!

I'M GOING WITH
YOU ANYTHING IS
HOLD ON HIS THROAT! BETTER THAN BEING
I DON'T CARE WHAT TIME LEFT ALONE HERE!
RISK IS, I'M GOING TO
DESTROY THAT MUMMY!



IT WASN'T MOVED! EVEN
THE BANDAGES ARE UN-
TOUCHED!

I'M GOING TO
BLAST IT ANYWAY
NOTHING ELSE COULD
HAVE LEFT THOSE
MARKS!



LOOK! THE MUMMY IT...
IT... IT'S CHANGING!



IT'S THAT METEORITE ! IT CHANGED THE MUMMY ! THE CELL STRUCTURE HAS ALTERED...THAT'S HOW IT GOT PAST THE STRINGS AT THE DOOR OF ROLF'S TENT! IT COOLED UNDER! WE'VE GOT TO GET OUT!



WHAT CAN WE DO? WE CAN'T LET THAT HORROR LOOSE ON THE WORLD! I'M GOING TO GET THE DYNAMITE!



PRAY THIS SEALS IT, FOREVER!



IS IT OVER? WE'LL NEVER TELL! BUT AT LEAST IT'S SEALED IN! WHEN WE GET BACK WE'LL SEE THAT IT STAYS THAT WAY...WE'D BETTER GET STARTED!



Alice - Your face... Good Lord! You discovered the meteorite in the tomb first! Choke!



I'M SORRY FRANK! I COULDN'T LET YOU TELL ALL! THAT WOULD HAVE RUINED EVERYTHING! NOW TO DIG UP THE METEORITE AND BRING IT BACK WITH ME... TO CIVILIZATION!



TOMB IT AWAY CONCERN! ALICE WILL NOW TAKE HER PRETTY BLUE STONE HOME TO SHOW HER MUMMY AND DADDY! CAN'T KEEP A THING LIKE THAT UNDER WRAPS! OLD AREM-BEY NEVER DREAMED THAT IT WAS ONLY THE BEGINNING OF HIS METEORIC CAREER! NOW DON'T YOU GO RUINING THE FUN BY TELLING HUMANITY ABOUT THIS, REMEMBER...MUMS THE WORD!



THEY HAD A LOT TO HIDE, DIDN'T THEY? WELL, HERE'S THE LAST OF A LONG LINE OF LOONIES AS HE TRIES TO PROVE . . .

DR. JEKYLL WAS RIGHT

OUT OF MY WAY,
YOU SLIME-BRAINED
IDIOT!

HAH! IT'S HYDE
THEY'RE AFTER ME
JEKYLL! ONCE I NOT
SWALLOW THE POTION
I'LL BE SAFE!

STOP! STOP
THAT MAN
BLOODY
MURDER!





...AND MY GRANDFATHER KNEW THAT MAN IS **TWO** PARTS. HE ATTEMPTED TO BRING OUT THE GOOD SIDE, USING CHEMISTRY, BUT UNFORTUNATELY FOUND ONLY THE EVIL...MR. HYDE!

SO THAT'S IT!
HE WANTS TO PROVE Jekyll
WAS RIGHT!

MY FATHER MOVED TO THE STATES AND...WELL, MADE A FORTUNE SEVERAL TIMES OVER IN PHARMACEUTICALS. PLEASE COME WITH ME!

I'M NO DOCTOR, BUT I'M WEALTHY AND CAN AFFORD TO OFFER YOU ALL FINE CHEMICAL RESEARCHERS, THE OPPORTUNITY OF A LIFETIME.

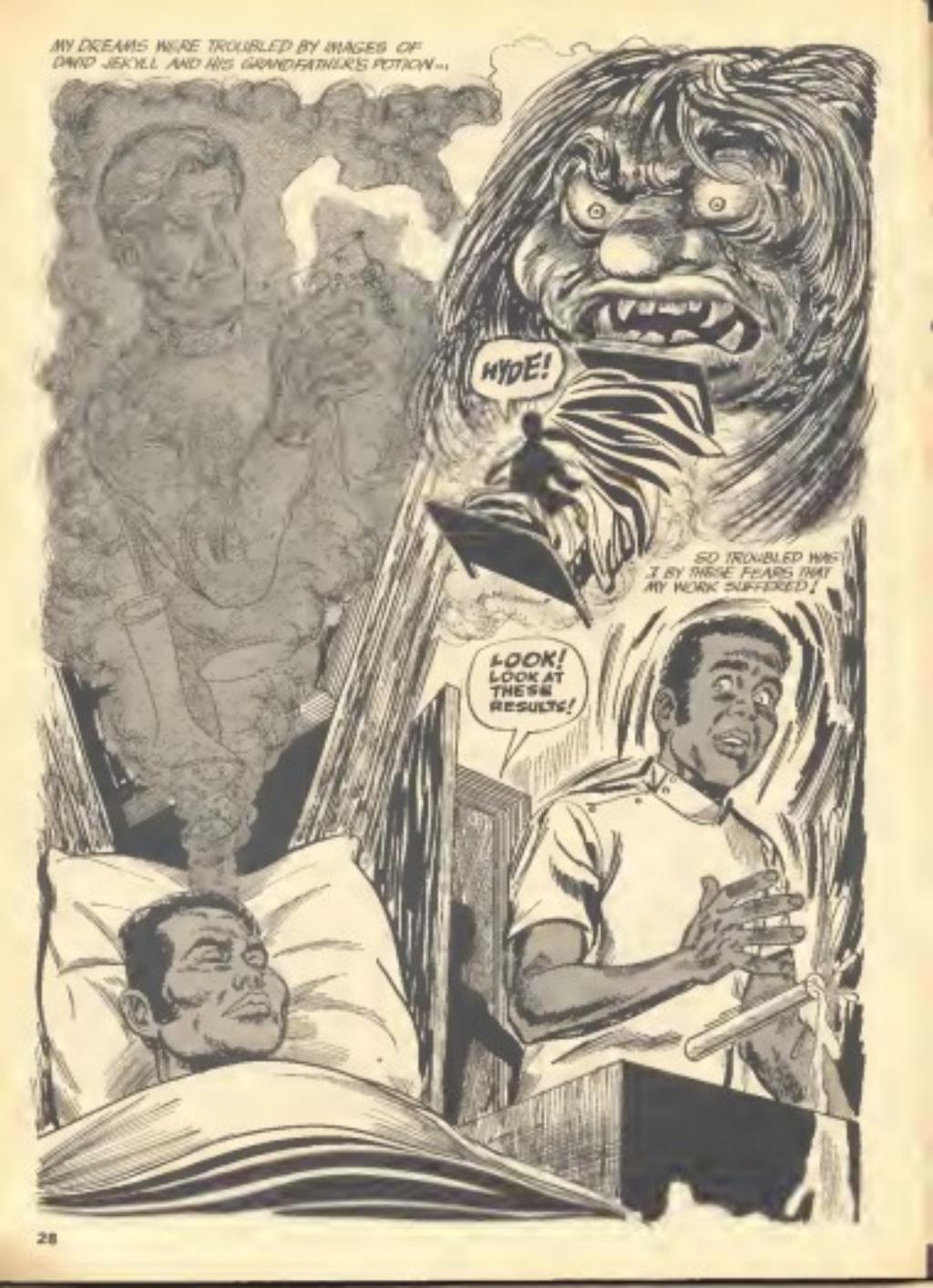
I AM PREPARED TO PAY EACH OF YOU TAX-FREE, **ONE MILLION DOLLARS!** ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS BRING MY GRANDFATHER'S EXPERIMENT TO A SUCCESSFUL CONCLUSION.

WHAT? YOU CAN'T BE SERIOUS!

OUR TASK WILL BE TO DEVISE A SERUM THAT WILL BRING OUT THE GOOD MR. ... MR. SPEAK, RATHER THAN THE EVIL HYDE! AND YOU WILL...

I WILL PROVE THE WORTHINESS OF HENRY Jekyll's GOAL BY TAKING THE SERUM MYSELF!

MY DREAMS WERE TROUBLED BY IMAGES OF
DAVID JEKYLL AND HIS GRANDFATHER'S POTION...



HYDE!

SO TROUBLED WAS
I BY THESE FEARS THAT
MY WORK SUFFERED!

LOOK!
LOOK AT
THESE
RESULTS!



WEBSTER?
YOU OKAY?

YES, YES... I
...IM FINE!

YOU MEAN YOU
FOUND SOME-
THING CONCRETE?

VIEZ! LOOK AT THESE
FORMULAE! I HAVEN'T
HIGHLIGHTED IT YET, BUT IF
YOUR CALCULATIONS
ARE CORRECT.....

WE'VE
GOT
IT!

WONDERFUL! AMAZING! WHEN MAY I TRY IT?

HERE IT IS IN THIS
BEAKER, BUT MR. JEKYLL,
IT WILL TAKE YEARS
OF FURTHER EXPERI-
MENTATION!!

SO THIS
IS IT??

NO!
NO!!



FOR HOURS WE LISTENED
AS HE TALKED...

YOU WILL CREATE MORE
OF THE WONDER FLUID, AND
WE WILL DISTRIBUTE IT TO
ALL MEN. AND OUR WORLD
WILL BE A PARADISE!

AND YOU, MY DEAR FRIENDS,
SHALL BE THE HARINGERS
OF THIS GLORY!! UNGH!



HE'S DEAD! WHY DID YOU DO IT?
DR. JEKYLL WAS RIGHT. ALL
MEN ARE BOTH GOOD AND EVIL.
AND AS WE ARE GOOD, WE
FEAR AND AVOID
EVIL.

AND AS WE ARE EVIL, WE
HATE AND FEAR THAT WHICH
IS GOOD. FOR GODNESS
REMINDS US THAT WITHIN
US ALL, WAITING A CHANCE
TO EMERGE, DWELLS OUR
OWN MONSTERS. OUR
OWN... MR. HYDE!



WASN'T THAT
OF HYDE
WELL, I
PLEASING
WHO READ
SPLITTER'S
CHOICE,
WOULD

A NICE LITTLE GAME
AND GO SEEK? NOT
FIGURS THERE'S NO
THE PACK OF HYDES
THIS PERSONALITY
IF YOU HAD YOUR
WHICH BIT-GUY
YOU BECOME?



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THAT'S MY LINE! AND THAT'S THE TITLE OF MY TV SHOW! ONCE A MONTH THIS FACE FLASHES OVER MILLIONS OF SCREENS ACROSS AMERICA, AND EVERY PERSON IN THE AUDIENCE WATCHES TED WILLIAMS LIVE A LIFE OF ADVENTURE AND INTRIGUE THAT THEY NEVER DARED LIVE THEMSELVES. I TRAVEL HIGH OVER THE WORLD'S HIGHEST MOUNTAINS, DEEP UNDER THE SEVEN SEAS, AND INTO THE DEEPEST, MOST TREACHEROUS AND UNEXPLORED REGIONS OF THE EARTH!

THEY LOVE IT! THEY LAP IT UP THE SUCKERS! THERE'S REALLY NOTHING I'VE EVER DONE WHICH HAS BEEN TRULY ROMANTIC, OR DANGEROUS. IT'S ALL A FAKE! BUT WHAT I DO CARE ANYWAY, I'M...

I'M ONLY IN IT FOR THE MONEY



B'WANAH! NO GO DEEPER
IN JUNGLE! NO GO FURTHER!
SIGN OF VOODOO
MEAN DEATH! WE MUST
TURN BACK, MUST GO
BACK NOW!

FOOLS! I PAY
YOU WELL TO
TAKE ME INTO
THESE FORBIDDEN
LANDS!

IS SOME FOOLISH
SUPERSTITION GOING
TO TURN YOU BACK?



VOODOO MEAN DEATH!
WE NO GO ANY MORE!
GO BACK!

BUT I CAN'T GO ON
ALONE! HOW CAN I DO
MY SHOW? WITH NO
HELP I...

IGNORANT FOOLS!
WHAT DO THEY KNOW
ABOUT THIS VOODOO?
IT'S ALL BLINK!

HAH! BUT NO NEED TO LET
MY FANS KNOW THAT!
I'LL HAVE TO MAKE IT
ALONE... SHOULDN'T BE
TODD BAD!

THE GREAT WILLIAMS
ISN'T GOING TO BE PUT
OUT BY SOME STUPID
JUNGLE SWAMP!



YOU ARE MAN OF
PEACE! STAY BUT NOT
MAKE TROUBLE FOR
MY PEOPLE!

SUCKER HE FELL
FOR IT! HAH HAH
ANOTHER GREAT CON
FOR THE BOOKS!



AND THE DAYS THAT
FOLLOWED, WILLIAMS SAW
WHAT NO MAN HAD EVER
LIVED TO RECORD.
BEFORE THE LIFE OF THE
CAMP, THE WAYS OF THE
NATIVES, THE INCREDIBLY
HORRIBLE PRACTICE OF
SHRINKING HEADS,
AND NOW... INTO THE
NIGHT! THE NIGHT OF...

...THE VOODOO

IT IS UNBELIEVABLE! I AM SURROUNDED BY DOZENS OF HYSTERICAL JUNGLE MEN SCREAMING EVIL SHOUTS AND WEIRD INCANTATIONS! THIS IS THE MOMENT FOLKS... THE NIGHT WHEN YOU WILL LEARN WHAT VOODOO REALLY MEANS! IT IS HORRIBLE TO THINK THAT THIS MACABRE SCENE IS REALLY THE WORK OF HUMAN BEINGS LIKE OURSELVES! TO THINK THAT MEN, MEN OF MY OWN FLESH AND BLOOD, MIGHT PERFORM THESE ATROCITIES IS INCREDIBLE!



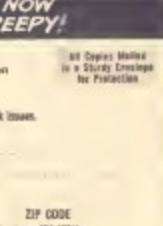
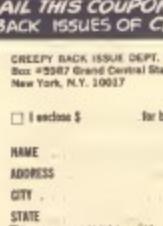
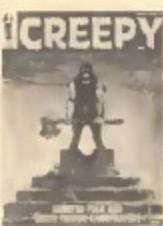
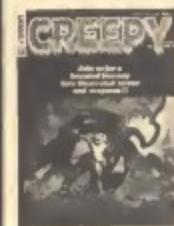
LUREZ RAYMOND



DEATH TO QUICK... YOU
LIVE FOREVER IN SMALL
HEAD! FOR VOODOO IS
...THE CURSE OF THE
UNDEAD!

HIS HISS! LOOKS LIKE I'LL
HAVE TO TAKE OVER
AGAIN. DOESN'T IT? WELL,
IT WAS A NICE REST.
OUR FRIEND WILL HAVE
A BIT OF A REST TOO,
THO I DOUBT IT'LL BE EXACTLY
TRANQUIL SLEEP!

AFTER ALL, HOW'D YOU
LIKE YOUR LIVING BRAIN
TO BE TRAPPED FOR
ETERNITY INSIDE YOUR
OWN SHRUNKEN
HEAD?



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LIFE SIZE

FRANKENSTEIN PIN-UP

DRAWN BY




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If you like GIANT SUPER PIN-UPS, send for these great pin-ups. The Frankenstein Poster (6x9) is a full 6 feet tall, for only \$2. All the rest of the posters on this page are 3½ feet by 2½ feet, for only \$1 each. All posters printed on heavy paper—perfect for any wall or your house!



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Pin-up

GOOD EVENING AUTONIGHTS! LOVE TO WATCH
RAIN-DROPS SPLATTER AGAINST A WINDSHIELD?
LOVE THE SOUND OF TIRES SCREECHING ACROSS A
RAIN-PRENCED PAVEMENT? WHERE DOES IT ALL
END-- WHY RIGHT HERE UNLESS YOU'RE WESLEY
BROOKFIELD AND HAVE THE CHANCE TO TRY.....

THE FULL SERVICE!

WES WAS A RECKLESS DRIVER.
LAURINE HAD TOLD HIM SO
MANY TIMES, SHE WOULD
NOT TELL HIM AGAIN.

PITY
MR. BROOKFIELD,
SUCH A PITY.
WHAT A LOVELY
WOMAN YOUR
WIFE WAS. WE
WOULD HAVE
PREFERRED
NOT TO HAVE
HAD HER AS
ONE OF OUR
CUSTOMERS.



"...TIME AND CHANCE HAPPENETH
TO THEM ALL". TIME AND
CHANCE-- AH, THERE ARE OUR
TRUE MASTERS. IF ONLY WE
COULD CONQUER
THEM. ARE YOU
LISTENING TO ME
MR. BROOKFIELD?



I UNDERSTAND YOUR GRIEF, SIR, BUT I AM
SAYING THAT THERE IS NO REASON FOR IT!
WE HERE AT MORTZ BROTHERS ARE ABOUT
TO OFFER YOU A UNIQUE SERVICE WHICH WE
EXTEND ONLY TO CERTAIN OF OUR
CUSTOMERS!



THE MORTZ BROTHER'S OFFICE WAS A MUSEUM OF DEATH, HIDEOUS PAINTINGS, GAUDY WALL-PAPERED WALLS, GROTESQUE STATUES CROUCHED UPON TABLES...

I DON'T UNDERSTAND HOW YOU CAN HELP ME

TRUST US, MERELY SIGN THE CONTRACT AND THE SERVICE WILL BE PROVIDED.

EXCELLENT! YOU WON'T REGRET THIS!

I URGE YOU TO ACCEPT MY BROTHER'S PROPOSAL! WE NEVER HAD A DISSATISFIED CUSTOMER... ER... LIVING OR DEAD.

LIKE A DARK ANGEL, IT WAS EVEN CONCEIVABLE THAT THE STRANGER'S CLOAK MIGHT HAVE SECRETED A SET OF FOLDED LEATHERY WINGS; HOWEVER, WES DID NOT TAKE THAT SERIOUSLY.

I AM FROM MORTZ

A MOOD OF REGRET BLANKETED WES' MIND LIKE THE FOG NOW SURROUNDING HIM. HE DIDN'T NOTICE THE TALL STRANGER FOLLOWING HIM.

THEN SUDDENLY, WITHOUT WARNING OR PROVOCATION...



FOR A LONG WHILE WES REMAINED SEMI-CONSCIOUS, UNSURE OF WHAT HE HEARD OR FELT. HE DID HEAR THE FLAPPING OF HUGE WINGS... THE GRIP OF POWERFUL HANDS AT HIS SIDE.

...WHEN HE LOOKED TOWARD THE SKY WAS IT THE FACE-OF-DEATH, HE SAW?



AWARENESS RETURNED AND WES HEARD THE SCRAPING OF HIS SHOES ALONG THE STONE WALK LEADING TO HIS HOUSE.



HE HAD CONVINCED HIMSELF THAT THE ENTIRE EXPERIENCE WAS AN HALLUCINATION, BROUGHT ON BY HIS SORROW. HE NOW FACED HIS LONELINESS.



HOMECOMING, HOWEVER, WAS NOT TO BE ENTIRELY WHAT WES HAD EXPECTED.

WHAT ARE YOU DOING BACK FROM CHICAGO A DAY EARLY? IS EVERYTHING ALL RIGHT, SWEETHEART?



YOU'RE REAL! THEY'VE BROUGHT YOU BACK TO ME!



I'VE GOT TO KEEP HER AWAY FROM EVERYONE WHO SAW HER DEAD OR ELSE I'LL BE FORCED TO TELL HER THE TRUTH. I'LL TALK TO JOHN TOMORROW NIGHT. HE'LL HELP ME!

THE NEXT EVENING WES VISITS THE HOME OF HIS FRIEND AND BUSINESS PARTNER, JOHN DODDS.

BUT YOU SAW HER AT THE FUNERAL PARLOR! SHE WAS KILLED IN THE AUTO ACCIDENT.

MY DEAR FELLOW, THE LAST TIME I SAW LAURINE WAS WHEN WE BOTH SAW YOU OFF AT THE AIRPORT THE DAY YOU LEFT FOR CHICAGO.

WHAT I HAVE TO TELL YOU MAY SOUND UNBELIEVABLE BUT I SWEAR TO YOU IT IS TRUE. LAURINE IS ALIVE!

ARE YOU JOKING WITH ME? OF COURSE SHE'S ALIVE-- WHY SHOULDN'T SHE BE?



MORTZ HAS GOTTEN TO YOU! THEY TOLD YOU TO TELL ME THAT! TELL ME THE TRUTH!

I AM TELLING YOU THE TRUTH! LET GO OF ME



IS IT THE EIGHTH? BUT IT SHOULD BE THE THIRTEENTH! THE ANGEL BROUGHT ME BACK IN TIME. THE ACCIDENT HASN'T OCCURRED YET!



I TOOK A BUS HERE. I NEED YOUR CAR. I'VE GOT TO GET HOME IMMEDIATELY!

ALL RIGHT BUT BE CAREFUL. IT'S BEGINNING TO RAIN!



HIS MIND AWARE THAT HE HAS BEEN GIVEN A SECOND CHANCE TO SAVE LAURINE'S LIFE, WES CURSES HIMSELF FOR NOT REALIZING IT SOONER.



SUDDENLY THROUGH THE CURTAIN OF RAIN-- HEADLIGHTS!



WER-ARE?



HE'S DYING-- WES CAN FEEL IT! HE GLANCES ONCE AT THE FACE OUTSIDE THE CAR-- IT'S HIS FACE!



BIG, I'VE SUCCEEDED!
IT'S PAST THE TIME
OF THE ACCIDENT!
LAURINE! LAURINE!



...BUT CANNOT EXPLAIN IT.

IT SOUNDED LIKE SOMEONE CALLING YOU LAURINE.



AFTER THIS EXPERIENCE WES WASN'T SURE WHETHER HE SHOULD JOIN THE AAA OR THE AA. DRIVE CAREFULLY.



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THE CREEPY FAN CLUB!



Hardly a week goes by that we don't get a letter from someone who says he plans to become an illustrator. Many of them send us samples of their work, which then appear on this page. (Though, as you can see, none did this time around.)

Though many of them will surely make it, some will probably drift into other professions. That's what happened to Pat Boyette. For a while. Aren't you glad he finally drifted back in the right direction?

PAT BOYETTE— HILLBILLY MAKES GOOD

Pat Boyette sold his first one-panel cartoon at the age of ten. How could this bold, bant young man, after such a successful beginning, possibly have failed to become one of America's leading humorists? It was simple, says Pat; he never sold another one.

Numbered by the realization that he was a "one-joke child," Pat turned to broad casting and for twenty-six weeks played the son of a fictitious radio family whose only topic of conversation for all those weeks was the merits of "hot-saucy chili." It was a dull, but very compatible family. Until the problem of "with beans or without beans" became a big issue.

About the time a Crayola was able to fill in the gaps in Pat's first mustache, he became a hillbilly disc jockey. With great enthusiasm he entered the world of guitars, cards and letters and cowboy books.

Then came his big opportunity. He was given a chance to work with Charlie Mumb—who was already famous for his comic strip "Edie Custer"—as a new western comic strip. It didn't take Pat long to get ahead of his guitars and cowboy books. The cards and letters, he says, are still coming in.

The western strip went very well. Until the day Charlie decided it would be fun to have the hero, Captain



PAT BOYETTE got his first mustache from a box of Crayolas. But he swears this isn't real.

Flame, attacked by five thousand screaming redheads. Now, Pat calculated that allowing only three feathers per Indian would give him fifteen thousand feathers to draw. He decided it was time he got back into show business.

Sufficiently out of focus now, Pat turned to television and news broadcasting. Someplace he was able to pull himself from the turner of makeup (with Crayolas!), lights, and the signing of three or four autographs to write and direct three theatrical motion pictures. These were horror movies, carefully designed to send chills up the spines of distributors and backers and to bring agonizing spasms of laughter from the audiences at the dramatic climaxes. It was all very stimulating, if not financially rewarding, though. And it filled Pat with the warm awareness that perhaps he was more than just a one-joke child after all.

Today Pat lives in Texas on the hold to the LBJ Ranch. He says that, while the excitement of a cartoon to and fro news comic is gone (he doesn't miss them; they never bought any, save from him anyway), the aroma of barbecue is still an important highlight of the local color.

Comics? Oh, well—when Pat suddenly realized he was too immature to attend the

comedy movies, and too mature to be intellectually profound, he advanced into the wonderful world of pictures. And here he intends to stay. Because it's only here that all problems can be easily solved and all endings can be ever guaranteed happy.

He never leaves Texas and doesn't expect he ever will. Some Texans are funny that way. Pat thinks all of us should go down and join him.

MORE POETRY

Rod McKuen moves over! In the last several months, our tree club mail has been bulging over with budding poets. Joseph Westbrook of New Orleans is the latest. His says this is his first venture into poetry and he thinks it's fun. And after all, Shakespeare started that way!

CASTLE OF THE COUNT by Joseph Westbrook

Here on the moon
his castle stands,
Casting its eye on the
surrounding lands.
Enclosed by darkness,
engulfed in gloom,
in an atmosphere of
certain doom.
Its threshold rises
from many fog,
A footbridge crosses
the forbidden pool.
A medieval door from
days of old,
Hides horrible tales,
as yet untold.
The door cracks open,
with a yell of its own,
Perhaps the wind,
yet it has not blown.
The once great railway,
now covered with dust,
Quicks and hangings
thick with must.
From bygone days,
a great velvet chair
And, but for it,

the hall is bare.
A great marble staircase,
the color of rose,
Up, up, unaware the front
door will close.
You now see tracks in the
deep, gray dust,
Heading upward, not down.

As you know they must,
Now a great banner hall
Just a red carpet on the floor.

Reminding you of blood
stretching to the door.
Continue you do, you must,
and when you draw near,
For the very first time,
your heart fears fear.
The room is vast,
you are here at last,
The room is shrouded,
completely in black
Against the smooth wall,
your courage now does lack.

A magnificent chandelier
hangs from the ceiling,
The room is bright, but you
can't shake that feeling.
Now you see a coffin
at the end of the room.
The lid slowly rises,
hits the floor with a boom.
He stands there before you
with great majesty.
You suddenly know struggle
will fruitless be.
He slowly approaches,
his lips start to part.
He's an undead creature,
and you are his sport.
And now you scream,
again you scream,
This can't be real,
it must be a dream.
But then you stop.
You reconcile
As he kisses your neck,
you begin to smile.
You now realize your
one purpose in life.
For now you are
Count Dracula's wife.

STILL MORE!

L. Alan Portnoff, of Purbland, Ohio, is another poet we can't ignore. In his letter, he also said that humor poems are fun to write. Fun to read, too!

FOR THE SOUL: THEY THAT WALK THE NIGHT

by L. Alan Portnoff

I passed along
the dusk-wined shore,
With glowing eyes,
burned with love,
To rest beneath
the Baring Moon,
And to drink of secrets

that should never be seen
Mine heart rejoiced
with a lonely flame,
That annihilated forever

With a neophyte's blame;
That I had fled from mine
burning lair,
To set on a shore,
The waves to stare . . .
But 'twas my anguish
that clasped my mind,
That mine blazing eyes
met a form reclined
Reposed atop a cyclopean
tor,
Like those spectres

that haunt Tir Na Nog . . .
"Speak to my mind
of legend, old one,"
Thus I did him bade;
But he spake not of
mortal worlds,
But of those beyond
the grave . . .
"They walk the night,"
he spoke again,
"In sinister, sombre
radiance,
And not all that men
hath done or will do,
Can force them return
to their graves."
"Who be they who walk
by night?" I demanded
the tongue
Of man.

"They who've lost their
earthly worth
lost with the devil
Of time.
And he said no more
to my pale shade,
no more to my
ghostly visage,
For he came to walk and do
right aile; walk to Death's
Read on.
And now I sleep in death's
black soul
That the souls of them
have trod, and cold
Be my spirit, a twit
the Dark and the Light,
For now it, too, walks alone;
stalking along the night.

SCIENCE FICTION DEPT.

This story, from David Martin, of Wichita Falls, Texas, begins with these ominous words . . .

"For months the old man had tormented him . . . goaded him into taking the job. 'But you have got to take it! You are the only man for the job!'"

And with those words of prologue, we begin . . .

ROCKETS TO TERROR

By David Martin

Hasty Gamma, an astronaut at Garren Space Center, had been involved in a fantastic accident a month ago. An accident that had changed his life!

He was in the chemical lab when it happened. A thermal explosion in a test tube rocked the whole building. When the two M.P.'s arrived, he was the only man left.

though, it was found that he was in perfect condition. Not a scratch. Scientists across the country were puzzled. Further investigation revealed that his body was un-affected by heat. The hottest flame didn't seem to bother him in the least. This was discovered one day when Hally lit a cigarette and flames spread all over his body. But when the flames were put out, he wasn't burned. And he couldn't remember feeling any pain as his body was enveloped in flames.

He became top man at Garren Space Center, and it was not long after the Center itself was named in his honor. Through all of this, one man hated and despised him—Edward Warren. Warren had been top man at the Center until he was forced into retirement because of his age. He had always been jealous of the strong young astronauts' fame and glory, but had been careful not to show it. In fact, he encouraged Hally to become involved in missions that the younger man might not otherwise have taken. Secretly, Edward was hoping to put the astronaut's life in danger.

And now, as Hally stands before him, he agrees to take on this last dangerous assignment. This is to be Warren's last project before retirement, and he has vowed that it will also be young Hally's last mission, too.

A week later, the mission is about to begin. Officially, Hally has been chosen for this one because he is the only man able to withstand the intense heat of deep space. It will be a dangerous mission, and newsmen by the hundreds are on hand to watch as Hally waves his final goodbyes and enters the huge ship.

Soon the monstrous roar of twin-powered neutron sonic engines fills the air and within minutes Hally is at 80% the earth on his way toward Mars—the red planet.

Edward Warren enters the control room and takes over control of the rocket. He hesitates. Should he do it? What if he were to be caught? He could always put the blame on the complex machinery. That's it! There can always be a malfunction! He would do it.

He pushed the red button marked "Destruct."

There is a blinding flash on the view screen. "Gone! We've lost contact with Hally!" one of the engineers screams. Women scream out of the building and get into his car, a satisfied smile on his face. He drives straight to his cabin in the mountains.

That night, as he sits in the quiet, savoring his vic-

tory, he hears a noise outside. He picks up a flashlight and goes out to investigate. In the sky above, he sees what seems to be a flaming meteor streaking earthward. He goes to the spot where it appears to land. There he finds a huge piece of metal glowing white hot. Can it be? Yet it is! A fragment of the destroyed space ship. He walks slowly back into the house. Suddenly, he stops in his tracks. There in front of him are footprints that aren't his own. They seem burned into the carpet.

Then he hears a noise in the next room. He walks toward it.

Several screams and a choking sound follow.

An hour later, two police men stand over the body of Edward Warren. "There this has anything to do with that bank of meteors we saw a while back?" says one. "I doubt it," replies the other. "But look at those marks on his neck. They're not strangulation marks. They look more to me like radiation burns."

LOVE STORY

If you're the sort who likes sentimental stories, you'll really dig this one written by Allen Feldman of Bayridge, New York. I'll have to admit I was a bit choked up after I read it.

I LOVE HER

by Allen Feldman

Digging deep into the soggy soil, my shovel finally hit something solid. Lifting the coffin from the depths of the grave, that feeling of coldness, once more swept through my entire body. I began to sweat as I opened the dead man's box. Thoroughly drenched now, my vision was reduced to a blur. Though sweating like a mad man, my hands and feet were just as cold as those belonging to the dead man I was now staring at.

The cemetery was a horrible place to be on a night like this. It had rained earlier and the ground was still wet. This slightest sound, magnified in the semi-darkness, could send a cold chill up any man's spine and scare the living daylight out of any one. The tombstones were lined up like so many marching soldiers.

I wouldn't dare bring my wife to a place like this. At this very moment, she's un-comfortably lying comfortably at home in front of the TV set. Just as I had left her.

Suddenly a声 sounded. Quickly I fell to the ground alongside my silent new found friend. In a minute they passed. My foot fell

asleep. How can any person rest comfortably in such a cramped box? How can people be so inhuman as to bury their loved ones in the cold earth that is crawling with worms and insects?

The police would never understand what I was doing. That is why I was forced to work shrouded in darkness. No one would understand.

Climbing out of the grave, it was difficult to carry the body with me. Somehow I managed to drag him behind me. He made quite a burden-some bundle in my arms. But it was worth it.

After about 20 minutes of walking through alleys and down deserted streets, I finally reached my house. The light on the porch was on. It gave me my first chance to get a good look at our new house guest. He was a handsome man, no more than 30 or 40 years old. I have always been careful in choosing my wife's friends. Life is a hard road and death is a cold and lonely state of being. I could not allow my wife to suffer through either of them.

It took me a while before I could reach my key to open the door. I heard the sound of the TV set. This would be a perfect time to introduce the new arrival to my wife, and let her get acquainted with the others. Tomorrow I would be at work all day and everyone will keep each other company.

"Honey, I'm home!"

CLOSING MESSAGE

To end this month's round, here is a word or two from "out there," sent to us by Mark Aubrey of Los Angeles.

MESSAGE FROM THE DEAD

By Mark Aubrey

Do you believe in ghosts? Well, I'm here to say these things exist. Your best friend may be a ghost, vampire or ghost. Have you noticed any of them acting strangely lately? Cousin Sam is a ghost. Vampires are a van-pire. No one knows just what Uncle Cemetery is though. If you ever meet up with these people, or any others like them, you can help. Just call on me. By the way, my name is Death. I think you know where you can find me.

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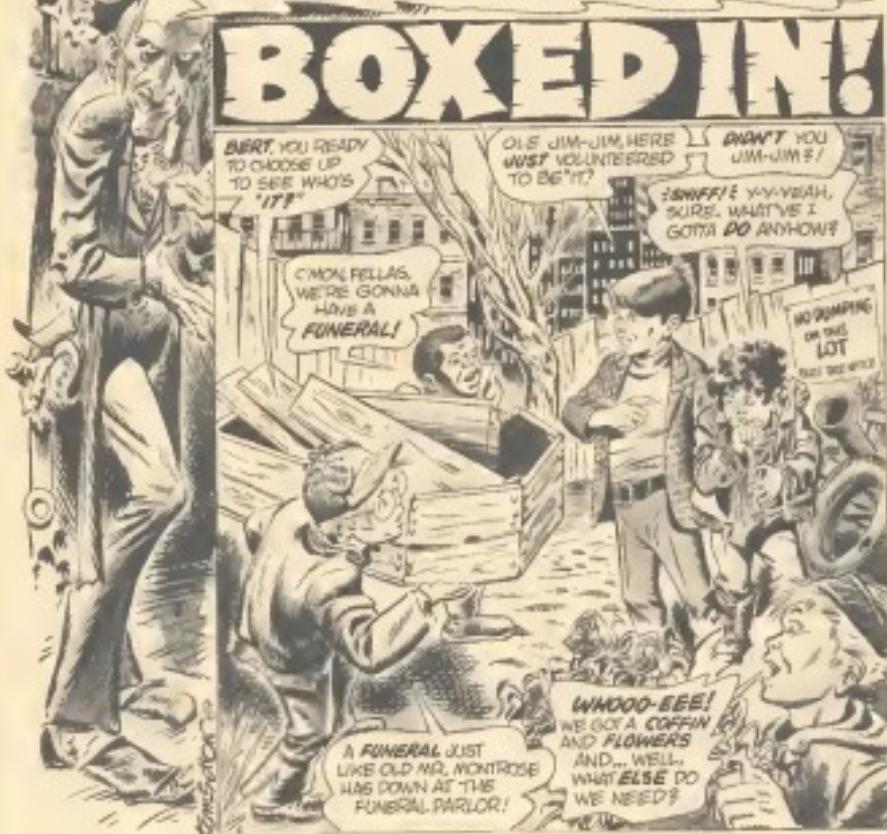
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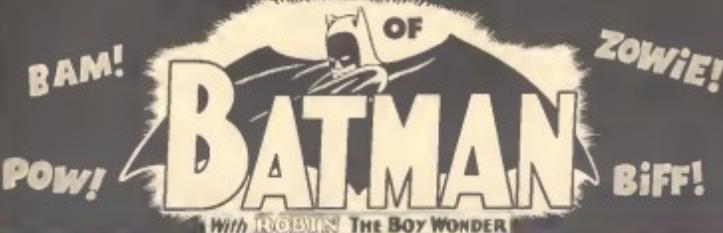
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CHAPTER 2—The Bat Cave

The Batmobile speeds up into a secret tunnel leading to the Batcave. Here, the Batmobile is repaired by Robin's old pal, Rock, the Barber's Barber (Rock Hudson), about the shop from the Room of the Open Heart. Meanwhile, the Batmobile and Robin visit the Opera House, where they find the secret entrance to the Batcave. After a brief struggle between buildings, the Batmobile speeds through the city, fighting off the gang of criminals and evading a number of the mobsters. Then, racing the Batmobile, the gang of criminals makes another attack on the city. But Robin and Timmy Wilson are able to stop them, and the two heroes return to the Batcave. There, Robin and Timmy Wilson repair the Batmobile, and Robin and Timmy Wilson make their victory speech.

CHAPTER 3—The Living Corpse

The Batmobile speeds up into the city again, this time to stop the gang of criminals from attacking the Washington area. This is to protect the new increased electric power system that is being built. The Batmobile speeds through the city, fighting off the gang of criminals. But, before he leaves, Robin and Timmy Wilson meet the new Zarkov, who is the alias of the gang of criminals. The two heroes return to the Batcave.

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